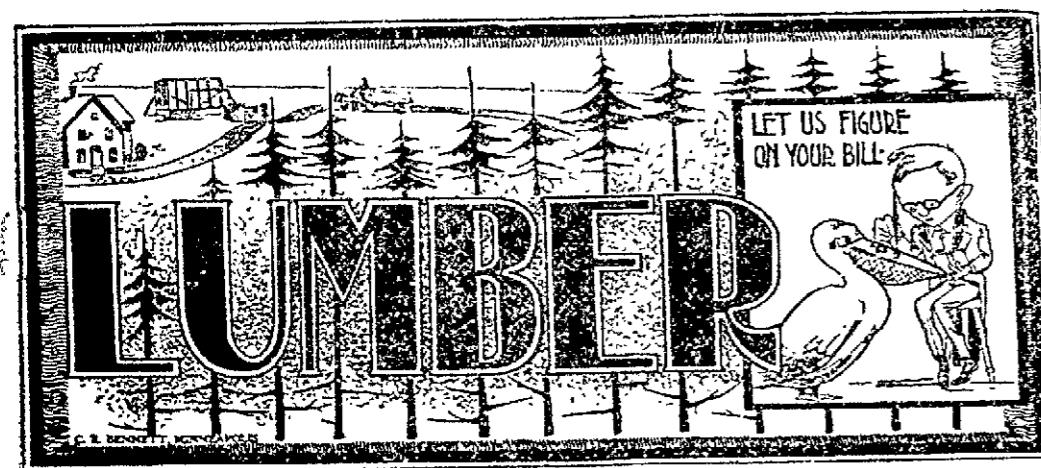


# GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1903.

VOL. XXXI, NO. 33



We want to sell you lumber to get money with which to buy more lumber to sell you our lumber for your coin. Your money is as good as anyone's. So is our lumber. Let's swap.

**Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.**

YARDS AT

GRAND RAPIDS,

NEKOOSA,

W. GRAND RAPIDS.

## PYROGRAPHY!

Within a day or two we will have an exhibition at our store, one door north of the Witter House, a collection of novelties in Pyrography. Don't purchase your

### ..Christmas Presents..

Until you have seen this line. It will please you. Remember the place.

++ + + +  
CITY BOOK AND NEWS STORE

### ...MONEY TO LOAN...

Abstracts, Insurance, Real Estate.

Offer over West Side  
P. O. Telephone No. 41.

CHAS. S. WHITTLESEY.

**H. Lemke & Co.**

...has just opened...

### A NEW STOCK OF GROCERIES

In the old Pavlick & Rick Bldg, Cran St

And are prepared to furnish you anything in this line that you can get anywhere, and at prices that are as low as any place in town. Give the firm a trial.

**Sheds for the Farmers**

#### ANSWERS FINAL SUMMONS.

George E. Hoskinson Passes Away After a Week of Intense Suffering.

George E. Hoskinson died in this city on Saturday afternoon after an illness of a little more than a week, the cause of his death being neuralgia of the heart. Mr. Hoskinson was 67 years of age and had been a resident of this city during the past 18 years, during which time he has operated the plant of the Pioneer Wood Pulp company, of which he was one of the principal owners. During his residence in this city Mr. Hoskinson has become a familiar figure to the people here, his daily walk to and from his place of business, which was made without fail no matter what the weather, leading many to think that he was a much younger man than he really was, and it is indeed hard to realize that he has passed out of this life, never to return.

Mr. Hoskinson was born in Akron, Ohio, and after graduating from the public school attended Beloit college for one year. His father, however, was unable to keep him in school, and as college educations were not considered so necessary to a successful career in those days as they are now. Mr. Hoskinson, then but eighteen years of age, started for Chicago to see what could be done in the commercial world of what was then one of the prosperous little cities of the country.

Mr. Hoskinson has told the writer how he struggled for an existence in the Garden city with but indifferent success and how the whole thread of his life was changed by a walk he took along the river front one day. Here he saw a sign advertising Green Bay lumber, and having heard of the town and being anxious to learn more of it he went into the place and soon learned that a boat was soon to start for that port with a load of merchandise, with which it was proposed to open a store. Before he left young George had struck a bargain with the proposed merchant to go to Green Bay and work for him.

This was the turning point of his life, the not the end of his struggles. After selling the stock for his employer Mr. Hoskinson went into the mercantile business for himself, at which he remained for a number of years in Green Bay.

He afterward associated himself with Mr. Follette of that city and these two gentlemen published the Green Bay Gazette, which still exists as a daily in that town. When Mr. Hoskinson became reminiscent he would tell of some of the difficulties of conducting a newspaper in the good old times in a city where a large share of the people were foreigners who had not found it necessary to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and where French was used in many places of business almost to the exclusion of every other tongue.

No doubt the existence was a precarious one and according to Mr. Hoskinson's account there was always more liability at a visit from the sheriff than from the man who was desirous of paying his bill.

In 1874 Mr. Hoskinson was appointed consul to Jamaica, and he spent twelve years on that little island in the service of the government. As he was an observing man and well read, these twelve years under the equator were not wasted to him, and as a consequence he was able to tell much of the life and customs of the people in that part of the world, and his descriptions were always worth listening to by one who was unfamiliar with southern life.

The change in the political administration of the country in 1885 caused the removal of Mr. Hoskinson and he returned to this country to take up his old life as a private citizen. Mr. Hoskinson came to this city in 1886 and has since been engaged in business here. To say that his business relations here have been of the most pleasant and upright nature would only partly express the matter. It was his nature to be honest and upright and those who were brought into contact with him in a business way have nothing but words of praise for his methods.

On the 27th of August, 1860, he was married in Green Bay to Miss Caroline King, and his wife and five daughters survive and mourn the loss of one of the kindest husbands and fathers that ever lived. The daughters are Mrs. F. MacKinnon and Miss Grace Hoskinson of this city, Mrs. Arthur Ramsay and Mrs. A. E. Mitten of Seattle, Washington, and Mrs. E. M. Platt of Chicago. The children were all present at the bedside of their father during his last hours with the exception of Mrs. Mitten,

who was unable to come so long a distance.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from the Episcopal church, the services being conducted by the Rev. Alexander Corbett. It had been the intention of Bishop Weller to be here to conduct the services, but the delay in the trains caused him to miss connections so that he could not get here in time. The bishop was an intimate friend of the deceased and spent a day with his dying friend.

In the death of Mr. Hoskinson the city has lost one of its truest and most enlightened citizens, the family a husband and father whose merits are known only to them, and the state a citizen whom any man might be proud to call his friend.

#### Death of John McCann.

John McCann, one of the old settlers of this city, died at his home on the east side on Saturday night after an illness that has extended over a period of a year or more.

Mr. McCann has been a resident of the city for the past twenty-one years, and was as well known as anybody in the city, being of a sociable and genial nature, even after he had been stricken with the illness which finally resulted in his death.

Deceased was a native of New York state, where he was born September 17th, 1830. He came to Wisconsin in 1859, and to Grand Rapids in 1872. He was a veteran of the civil war, having enlisted at the outbreak of the rebellion, and was afterward sent home severely wounded.

Mr. McCann is survived by his wife and one son, Henry, who is a member of the well known mercantile firm of Spafford, Cole & Co. of this city.

The funeral occurred on Monday from the home, the services being conducted by the Revs. Shaw, Peterson and Purman. A large number of Mr. McCann's old comrades, members of Wood county post, attended the funeral, besides his many friends who followed the remains to their last resting place in Forest Hill cemetery.

#### An Exciting Fire Run.

A few blasts from the big whistle on the electric light plant on Monday brought out the east side fire company with its usual promptness, and as the whistle said that the fire was in the 4th ward, the company lost no time in getting up into that neighborhood.

The apparatus was turned in toward the Lincoln high school and then took a circle about in that neighborhood the members of the company keeping a sharp lookout for building from which smoke was issuing, but nothing could be seen. Another circle was made about in the fourth ward, the firemen thinking that maybe as the flames developed they would be able to discover the whereabouts of the conflagration.

Charles Pedawitz, who occupied a reserved seat on the fire truck, says that they then started a house to house canvass of the 4th ward, but nobody could be discovered who knew anything of the fire.

Giving it up as a hopeless case the firemen returned to the city hall and telephoned to the central station and asked where the fire was. Central reported that it was Kellner's house that was afire and the firemen gave it up as a bad job.

They subsequently learned that the alarm had been sent in from the home of F. E. Bump, who lives on the hill, and that soon after the alarm had been turned in the blaze had been extinguished and nothing more was thought of the matter. As the weather was excessively cold nobody went out to watch for the fire company, so that they were not discovered when they reached that neighborhood.

#### Will Open Book Store.

Charles A. Mackey of Wausau arrived in the city on Tuesday and intends to open a book and stationery store in the Freeman building, near the Witter house on the east side. Mr. Mackey comes well recommended from his old home at Wausau, and he intends to conduct a store that should prove a popular one in an intellectual burg like this.

#### A Good Show.

It was the unanimous verdict of those who witnessed the presentation of "Down and Up" in the Casino opera house last evening that the show is a good one. It is uproariously funny, and the numerous mirth-provoking situations were greatly appreciated. A return date will be played in two weeks — Pittsfield, (Mass.) Eagle. At the Grand Opera House Saturday, Dec. 19th.

#### BIG FIRE AT DEXTERVILLE.

Hotel Bullis and Downing's Store Burns to the Ground.

The village of Dexterville was visited by a damaging fire on Sunday and as a result the Bullis house and the general merchandise store of William Downing lie in a mass of ruins. The dwelling house belonging to Wm. Downing, which stood beside the store, was also damaged to considerable extent, it having been afire several times and only saved from destruction by superhuman effort.

The loss all told will probably amount to \$13,000. Mr. Downing figuring his loss at between ten and eleven thousand and the Bullis property will amount to between two and three thousand.

The fire started in the Bullis house, and was probably caused by a defective flue, as the whole top of the house was afire when the fire was discovered. The Bullis property stands just south of the Downing store and as there was no kind of fire protection except what could be done by the inhabitants with pails, the fire communicated to the store and burned it to the ground.

Some of the furniture was removed from the Bullis house, but the only thing that was gotten from the store was a couple of the mail sacks, which Frank Downing ran in and saved.

Mr. Downing's dwelling stood just north of the store, and as the latter burned, the house was continually in danger, but everybody was out with pails and assisted in the work, and while the fire was being quenched on the outside, others were taking the furniture from the interior, and this was all removed before it was discovered that the dwelling could be saved.

Considerable of the loss came from the removal of the furniture from the dwelling so rapidly. This was afterward moved back when the flames had abated sufficiently to show there was no further danger.

Mr. Downing was in the city on Monday and reports that he has an insurance of \$4,000 on the store and contents and \$1,000 on the house. Mr. Downing reports that the women of the village worked as hard as the men in the bucket brigade, in fact he said that it was his opinion that they did more than the men in the way of carrying water and helping at the fire. It is probable that Mr. Downing will rebuild his store, though nothing much can be done until the cold weather lets up to some extent.

Mr. Downing had just got thru with putting in a new stock of groceries and drygoods, and had cleaned out much of his old stock, and was figuring that he had got things in pretty good shape for doing a good business the coming season, when his plans were all upset by the fire. He takes his losses philosophically, however, which is much the best way to do in a case of this kind.

#### Clerks Form Organization.

The clerks of this city held a meeting at the Spafford hall on Sunday afternoon and effected an organization to be known as the Clerks Union. The following officers were elected:

H. L. Miscoli, president.  
William Brenaman, secretary.  
E. E. Armstrong, vice president.  
Charles Halvorsen, treasurer.

A set of resolutions were drawn setting forth the objects of the association and a committee consisting of Ed Armstrong, Frank Abel and John Vanderhei was appointed to see the different merchants of the city and ascertain if the objects of the association cannot be complied with without any hardship to anybody.

One of the principal objects of the association is to ask the merchants of the city to close their places of business at six o'clock every evening except Saturday and not open them until seven in the morning. They express themselves as willing to work as late as necessary on Saturday evening in order to clean up any business that may be coming in. The new order of business is to go into effect after the holidays, as the clerks expect to put in more time just now than is necessary at other times of the year.

It is pretty well understood among the clerks, who as a general rule average up a pretty bright lot of fellows, that their prosperity depends upon the prosperity of their employers, and it is not their intention to ask anything of the merchants that will prove a hardship in any way. This is the right spirit to have in the matter, and so long as they keep the interests of their employers at heart there is no question but what the merchants will deal fairly with them.

#### A Good Entertainment.

The scholars of the high school gave a Shakespeare entertainment on Friday afternoon and there were a number of visitors present who pronounced the affair one of the best of the kind they had ever witnessed. The principal part of the entertainment was three scenes from The Merchant of Venice, and the manner in which the young people took their parts made it evident that they thoroughly understood what they were about and appreciated what the author was trying to express to the public in his writing.

The program was as follows:

Early English Drama... Rose Metzger  
Life and Work of Shakespeare... Myrtle Rowland

Characterization of Shylock... Antoinette Smith

Sketch of Portia... Natalie Hunnell

Outline of the Play... Irene Gilkey

Music... Rosa Wipperman

Act I, Scene II. Merchant of Venice.

Portia... Blanche Mickelson

Misas... Fern Love

Servant... Gervais Stout

Act II, Scene II.—A street in Venice.

Launcelot... Henry Bever

Old Gobbo... Howard Crotteau

Act IV, Scene I.—Court of Justice.

Duke... Henry Winger

Shylock... Carl Odegard

Antonio... Wilbur McCamley

Bassanio... Jerry Herschel

Gratianio... Bert McDonald

Solanio... Pearl Chose

The Young Lawyer... Blanch Mickelson

Her attendant... Fern Love

Clerk... Will Milstein

Servant... Grover Stout

#### WILL ORGANIZE CLUB.

Business Men to Interest Themselves Socially and Financially.

Several of our business men have been holding meetings during the past few weeks, and the outcome of the matter is that they have decided to organize themselves into a club or society.

The primary object of this society was purely of a social nature, but since discussing the matter it has been decided to add a sort of a business proposition to the affair, and whenever necessary or it can be done, to advance the interests of the city outside of mere social features.

Nothing definite has as yet been done in the way of organization, but it is expected that this will be brought about in the near future.

These city clubs have proven very popular in other places, but one of the principal things desirable for their success is suitable building or apartments in which can be fixed up quarters that will be a drawing card in themselves. It is impossible to get anything of the kind in this city at the present time, but there is no doubt that new buildings will be erected in the city in the near future, when something suitable can be obtained. Until this is possible it is not probable that any general organization will be effected.

There is no question but what an organization of this sort will prove of benefit to the city, as it will have a tendency to bring the representative people of the city in closer touch with each other socially and consequently they will be more closely connected from a business standpoint.

Probably one of the greatest drawbacks to accomplishing anything for the good of the public in this city in the past has been in the fact that the business men of the city are so far apart that when anything comes up that requires a united effort they find that they are hardly acquainted with their neighbor and do not know how to be of service to the city. Until this is possible it is not probable that any general organization will be effected.

#### Moved to New Location.

James Dalzin, the West Side painter, has removed his store on Main street, in building formerly occupied by Pavlick & Rick where he will be ready for business about the 12th of Dec., with a large stock of wall paper and paints. Call on him when you want first class work.

## Calumet

## Baking

## Powder

The Standard of Perfect Baking.



BY ALEX RICKETTS.

No matter which way or how you see, we can help you.

Costs Nothing to see us.

A. P. HIRZY,  
Graduate Optician.

## SHOES!

You can get the best line in the city of...

G. BRUDERLIE,

The West Side Shoe Man.

## PLUMBING

AND STEAM FITTING

All Work Guaranteed to be of the best

Shop at Metzger's old stand on Baker Street east of the court house.

A. GITCHELL,  
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

## NEW SHOES!

I have just unpacked a large consignment of the very latest in footwear. Here are some that I have:

Dr. Reed's Cushion sole shoe for sore feet. If your feet bother you, try a pair of these.

J. P. Smith Stag Shoe, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4

Ladies Fine Turned Oxfords, the Julia Marlowe. You know all about the Julia Marlowe.

I. ZIMMERMAN,  
West Side Shoeman.



The BEER  
of Good Cheer.

If you were to sample every beer made, foreign and domestic, without prejudice and without reference to the label, you'd agree with us that **Gund's Peerless** had every merit possible to be found in a beer.

Send for Free Souvenir Booklet.  
**JOHN GUND BREWING CO.,**  
La Crosse, Wis.

"Say," asked the talkative commercial traveler, as he preferred being called, "did you ever strike a town that was terrorized by what they deviously called a Town Improvement society in the midst of its annual 'spring spasms'?"

"No," I replied, yawning wearily, "I don't believe I ever have. Why?"

"There wouldn't be any belief about it if you had, you'd know it—know it just as sure as you'd know inflammatory rheumatism if you had that, and, say, you put up a supplication, or a gross of 'em would be safer, every day you live that your steps will never be led into one of 'em, such ding-blattered, finicky, foolish towns, I mean," he advised, with such fervid earnestness that one of the buttons flew off his vest. "Pray that you'll get sent to the Philippines, or the penitentiary or even the scaffold, but be forever kept out of such a town if you value your peace of mind above a one-cent canceled postage stamp."

"What's the matter with them?" I asked, smiling superciliously at his heat.

"Everything, everything that's heart-breaking and nerve-racking and brain-twisting, everything that goes to make a toad's life under a harrow one round of joyless and futile unrest," he replied, sadly and solemnly.

"You seem to have had some experience," I suggested, curiously.

"I have. Oh, yes, I have," he agreed, emphatically. "I struck one town like that the other day, and I never expect to be the same man again. I've had to use gallons and gallons of hair dye ever since so's my customers can recognize me; talk about hair turning white in a single night, mine turned white in the daytime. The giddy whirl began when I sauntered out of the post office and threw a circular I'd received away in the street. I didn't mean any harm. I had no intention of disfiguring the town beyond repair. It was not a deep laid and diabolically ingenious plot of mine to ruin the fair fame for neatness possessed by that community. I simply didn't want that circular. It did not seem to be of enough value to me or to my posterity to warrant my filing it away in the family archives. So I disposed of it in the natural, usual way. But I was immediately pounced upon by a large and brawny policeman, a whole lot brawnier around the waist than anywhere else, and run in before the mayor, who casually fined me a five-spot for littering up the streets with waste paper. Say, I don't call a poor little innocent four by six circular of a cough balsam much of a litter, do you?"

"Well, when I got out of the mayor's office I leaned up against a tree to kind of catch my breath and figure things out a little, and I'll be josh-swizzled if that same cop didn't jump me again, run me back again, and I was promptly fined five more for brushing the whitewash off that tree. I offered to whitewash the whole blasted police force, and throw the mayor in himself for good measure for the same amount, but I only got fined five more for contempt of court for my pains. I ain't exaggerating a mite.

"You can bet high," he continued after a long sigh, "that when I made my escape after that I didn't take any more foolish and reckless chances of violating any more of their hospitable ordinances, not me. I just wiped my shoes clean with my pocket handkerchief, and tiptoed tenderly down the exact middle of the street, taking all the pains in the world not to damage or deface, or even touch any of their things except the dirt under my toes, and that just as lightly as my two hundred avoidupois would let me, and holding my breath all the way for fear I'd be again arrested and run in and fined some more for not harmonizing with the landscape, or having something inartistic about my general style of architecture. I'm sticking to the facts."

"But somehow, or other, after all my trouble, I must have got kind of careless when I saw my hotel almost in reach and let my mind wander from the necessary and prudent precautions I'd been taking to the charming time I'd been enjoying, and somehow I must have got to thinking out loud. Anyway, darned if the next thing I knew I wasn't grabbed by that ubiquitous copper and skated off to his honor, the mayor, once more and fined ten this time for swearing out loud in public. This is straight goods I'm giving you."

"Well, I refused to move from that office after this. I just sat meek and humble, and you bet silent, in one corner of it reading over and over again, so's not to think of anything else, a text hung up on the wall—it was 'The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver,' until a message I'd sent brought the tank. Then I had him load me into it, lock the lid down good and fast, cast it down to the station and ship me out of town on the first train that went anywhere. If I hadn't had sense enough to think of that, I reckon I'd be there yet getting run in and paying fines."

"But I'm going back there some day. Yes, sir. I'm going back to that town the minute I'm a millionaire. I am. And I'm going to pile their streets chin-deep with waste paper, and I'm going to throw mud all over their confounded whitewash, and I'm going to take about a thousand pirates along with me to holler curse words all over the place, and do it right. That's what I'm going to do, you hear me," he concluded, with a peaceful and happy smile at the blissful prospect.—N. Y. Times.

"I got a bad cold in my head and I reckon that puts a little extra power onto my snorer. Anyway I whistles so loud that it wakes me up. I looks over jest in time to see Bill come staggering into the room. His ribs stuck out like the stabs of a chicken coop and he's so weak that he can't hardly crawl across the floor. He creeps over to the bed and tries to raise himself up to lick my hand. But he can't make it. Casting one last glance at me Bill keels over and cashes in. He's gone up by lack of sleep."

"If ever there was a martyr to faithfulness that dog Bill was it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"When I first struck the Snake river country," said the old ranchman, "I was as green a tenderfoot as ever left the states. And the boys used to lay it all over me in them days in a way that was riling.

"One cold winter day, I remember, me and Dave Orcutt and Hank Timms was riding our ponies over to the Slawson ranch. I had only been in the country two weeks and this was my first trip to Slawson's.

"There was a sharp wind blowing straight out of the north and the mercury was down to ten below. We humped along pretty lively till suddenly the boys pulls up sharp at the edge of a wide crick.

"Great buffaloes," says Hank Timms, "but the Little Cimarron is on a tear. I wouldn't try to ride across her for a thousand."

"We'll have to ride around to Harper's ford," says Dave Orcutt.

"How far is that?" I asks.

"Thirty-six miles and a blamed poor road all the way," says Dave.

"How deep's the water?" I asks.

"Too dang deep for comfort," says Hank. "Your clothes'd freeze to your back in two minutes if you got 'em soaked."

"Well, it appeared to me that here was my chance to show that I was dead game even if I was a tenderfoot."

"I'm going to ride across right here," I says.

"Don't you do it," pleads Hank. "You're new to the country yet, you know, and me and Dave has to look after you. You'll be foolish if you try it. Do you want your clothes froze to you?"

"I'll take my clothes off," I says, "and stand up on my saddle."

"But the people over to the ranch'll see you if you strip that way," says Dave.

"I'll fix it so they won't," I says, and with that I strips to the skin in the cold wind and puts on a long linen under that I had in my gunny sack. Then I ties up my clothes and hitches them around my neck, climbs up on top of the saddle, and starts down the bank.

"Go ahead if you must," says Dave. "I simply didn't want that circular. It did not seem to be of enough value to me or to my posterity to warrant my filing it away in the family archives. So I disposed of it in the natural, usual way. But I was immediately pounced upon by a large and brawny policeman, a whole lot brawnier around the waist than anywhere else, and run in before the mayor, who casually fined me a five-spot for littering up the streets with waste paper. Say, I don't call a poor little innocent four by six circular of a cough balsam much of a litter, do you?"

"Once I had a dog named Bill. He was a large, sad dog, with only one eye, and he looked as though he'd been disappointed in love in early life. The only good point about Bill was his faithfulness.

"Why, if I'd whistle anywhere, just one little whistle, Bill would quit whatever he was doing and come running up to stick his nose in my hand and ask what it was I wanted. Leave a bone, Bill would, and come to my lowest whistle. So I got some attached to Bill on account of his faithfulness, and when it comes so I had to go east for three months I didn't want to leave him with only the greasers at the ranch house to look after him. Bill was so plumb faithful to me that it looks like I ought to be faithful to Bill.

"My nearest neighbor in them days was old man Slason, whose ranch is 14 miles away on the Big Snake river. I go over to see Slason and ask him if he'll take care of Bill while I'm away.

"And let him sleep in the hall outside your bedroom door, Slason," I says.

Bill is the faithfulest dog that ever lived, and he'll come to you at your slightest call."

"When I comes back, three months later, the first thing I does is to drive over to Slason's ranch to get Bill and bring him home. Slason is setting out on the porch of the ranch house when I rides up, and he looks sad when he sees it was me.

"Bill's dead," he says. "Poor Bill! He was too blamed faithful. It was faithfulness that killed him."

"How's that?"

"Well, sir, the first night after you goes I turn in early and Bill—the blamed faithful cuss—he curts up on the bear skin in the hall, right beside my open door.

"Pretty soon I goes to sleep and then I starts to snore my regular snore that I been a-using for more than 30 years regular. Then all of a sudden I wakes up. There's something cold pressing against my face. It's poor old Bill's nose. He heard that first whistle of mine and comes in to see what I wanted. I drives Bill back to the hall, being some sore on getting waked up that way, and goes back to sleep again.

"It takes me a few minutes to get back to sleep, but as soon as I gets through my first ten snores and sounds my first little whistle, there's Bill's cold nose rubbing my forehead again to see what I wanted.

"By morning both me and Bill is plum wore out. All day both of us is busy in the corral, and we go to bed again early. The second night I was woken up again by Bill every tenth snore, but inside of a week I got so it didn't bother me none when he come and stuck his nose in my face to see what I wanted. After that I slept right straight through it. But I noticed that Bill keeps getting leaner and weaker and weaker.

"I got a bad cold in my head and I reckon that puts a little extra power onto my snorer. Anyway I whistles so loud that it wakes me up. I looks over jest in time to see Bill come staggering into the room. His ribs stuck out like the stabs of a chicken coop and he's so weak that he can't hardly crawl across the floor. He creeps over to the bed and tries to raise himself up to lick my hand. But he can't make it. Casting one last glance at me Bill keels over and cashes in. He's gone up by lack of sleep."

"If ever there was a martyr to faithfulness that dog Bill was it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

"Father Tom" and "Doctor Jim" the, were called by the villagers. They were brothers, Thomas and James Radcliffe, respectively, old bachelors both, one the village parson, who looked after the souls of the brethren, while the other, Brother Jim, doctor'd their bodies.

The brothers passed every evening of their lives together, one night at the parsonage and the next at the "doctory," and they passed every one over their pipes, for the parson wasn't a prig and the doctor was wont to say that tobacco was the only known specific for all human ills.

"Tom," said his brother one evening, "I see that old Bill Lamson has died over at Leeds."

"Yes, Jim," said Father Tom, "and I was at his deathbed."

"I always suspected, Tom, that you knew all about Bill Lamson's part in the Johnson killing years ago, if he had a part in it, which I am inclined to believe, by the way, and that you kept the whole thing to yourself."

"Well, suppose I did know about it, Jim. If Lamson told me anything—which I won't grant even now—he told it to me because I was a clergyman, and it's not in the clerical province to tell on a man who is repentant, no matter what his crime."

"Right you are, Tom, and I tell you that a physician ought to hold secrets just as tight if they come from a patient. I wouldn't give up a wounded murderer if he had come to me for treatment and had thrown himself on my mercy and on my professional care. I'd consider myself a sort of a father confessor to his bodily ills, as you might to the sins of his soul."

"You're all wrong, Jim. You can't class the physician with the priest. The soul and the body are things apart and the touch of the sacred doesn't enter into your profession as it does into mine. You have no right to claim the clergyman's exemption from giving evidence against an evil doer who has trusted in you. In concealment you do the state an injury."

The brothers separated for the night. Dr. Jim went into the little laboratory back of the sitting-room musing over the talk with his brother.

Dr. Jim sat up late studying. He heard a noise outside the door at an hour after midnight, and, throwing it open, a man fell into the room and onto the floor. "I seen your sign, doctor, with the light behind it. I guess I'm done for, but meby you can fix me up."

The man gasped and fainted. Sturdy Dr. Jim picked him up and carried him to the laboratory, where he laid his burden on the lounge and made a hasty examination. The man had a bullet hole through the thigh, and was weak from the loss of blood. Beyond that his injury wasn't serious. Dr. Jim staunched the flow and gave the man restoratives.

"Where did you get this wound?" he asked his midnight visitor when he had regained consciousness.

"Don't you tell on me, Doc. I trusted you. I cracked a place with a pal. He got away all right and has the swag, but I got shot when the old feller in the house waked up. Maybe I done for him. I don't know, though, but he didn't shoot again after he hit me, and I let drive back."

"You can't stay here," said Dr. Jim. "Patients and other people will be here to-morrow, and you can't travel for a week. I'll put you on a cot in a room over the summer kitchen at the back of the yard, and I'll look after you, though it goes against the grain." And the doctor smiled a bit grimly as he thought of his conversation with Father Tom a few hours before.

An hour later the wounded burglar was bandaged, fed and secreted in the upper chamber of the unused summer kitchen. There was a fierce pounding at Jim's front door. He opened it. The village constable and a dozen excited citizens were there. "Father Tom has been shot," they fairly howled at the physician.

The doctor found his brother suffering from a slight scalp wound and lamenting the loss of \$500, nearly all the money he had in the world.

Dr. Jim treated his brother, and then strode away toward his home. Sentiment was all right, but when a man's brother was shot, why, that was different. "You shot and robbed my brother," he said, savagely, to the patient tossing on the cot.

"Was he your brother, Doc? I'm sorry, and you've been good to a feller. Don't give me up, Doc."

The doctor cogitated. "Have you got the \$500 you robbed him of?" he asked.

"No, honest, Doc, I ain't. Sam got the bulk of it."

"A man should not lo for his brother what he would not do for mankind at large," mused the doctor. He went to his study, took \$500 in bills from a recess in his desk, put it in a huge envelope with a slip of paper, on which he wrote in a disguised hand:

"Herc's yer money. I didn't know you was a preacher. My father was one—Samky Sam."

The doctor saw to it that his brother got the money the next day. The patient over the summer kitchen improved rapidly. Day by day he would repeat: "So the parson is your brother. You're a good, game one, Doc."

In a week the burglar was gone. Three days later Dr. Jim received a package. It contained \$600 and a letter which said: "I met Sam. I got the money back, and then I raised some more, no matter how. The extra hundred is for professional services. You're a good, game one, Doc."

"LANKY BEN."

The next night Father Tom and Dr. Jim were sitting together smoking. "Jim," said Father Tom, "if I'd hit that burglar I shot at and he'd come here, what would you have done with him?"

"Tom, my boy, the time has come to talk of other things."—Chicago Record-Herald.

LOTS FOR SALE.

**CLOVERDALE** Addition  
West Side.

This addition is platted and on record. Streets are all graded and every street drains to a catch basin.

All alleys are 14 feet wide and lead to each lot in every block.

Every foot of this addition is cleared and ready for building.

Soil is the best and will make fine gardens or beautiful lawns.

This addition is the nearest to business

**Fight will be Bitter**  
Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendations of Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption, will have a long bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Beall of Beall, Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. Kings new Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her." Guaranteed by John E. Daly, druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

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Interest paid on time deposits.

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And get your work done  
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All our work guaranteed.

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### ARE YOU GOING ABROAD?

Are you going to buy any tickets from Europe? If so, remember that I represent all the leading steamship lines sailing between this country and Europe and am in a position to furnish promptly the very best accommodations at the lowest rates. I represent The Hamburg American, The Canadian, The White Star, The American, The Red Star, The Holland-American, The Allan, The Allan Slave, The Beaver, The Douglas, The Scandinavian Lines and shall be pleased to furnish on application rates, sailings, and all information desired concerning any of these lines.

JOHN CASBERG,  
CENTRALIA, WIS.



MRS. CECELIA STOWE,  
Orator, Ente Nous Club.

176 Warren Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22, 1902.

For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disconsolate place at best. A friendly druggist advised him to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

Cecelia Stowe

Mrs. Stowe's letter shows every woman how her home is saddened by female weakness and how completely Wine of Cardui cures that sickness and brings health and happiness again. Do not go on suffering. Go to your druggist today and secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

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"A Friend to Those Who Cannot Talk."

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Patronize Home Industry  
by having your work done at the  
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All work guaranteed.

GEORGE BOYER, PROP.

West Side, Near Commercial House

### NUTS AND FRUIT AS FOOD.

Experiments of Great Interest Have Been Con-

ducted by the University of  
California.

The experiments that were carried on last winter by Dr. Harvey W. Willy for the purpose of discovering whether or not the so called preservatives used on food products in this country are harmful, are not the only experiments that have been carried on along dietarian lines in this country in the past two or three years. Prof. M. E. Jaffa, assistant professor of agriculture at the university of California, carried on a series of experiments among frutarians, persons who live solely on fruit and nuts and fruit and nut products. These experiments were successful, and information of great value was obtained thru them, states the Washington Star. The department of agriculture has just published a pamphlet containing some of the data collected by Prof. Jaffa and edited by him. He says:

An investigation of the nutritive value of fruits, instituted by the office of experimental stations, was undertaken at the University of California in 1900-1901, and dietaries of five frutarians—two women and three children—were studied. At the same time with one of the children—a girl—a digestion experiment was made in which fruit and nuts constituted the entire diet. A study of the income and outgo of nitrogen and the estimation of the so-called metabolic nitrogen in the feces were included in the digestion experiment. The results showed in every case that the diet had a low protein and energy value the subjects were in apparently excellent health and had been so during the five to eight years they had been living in this manner.

Continuing the investigations on the nutritive value of fruits and nuts, it was deemed advisable to extend the work to include, in addition to women and children previously studied, subjects whose lives and habits differed considerably from those of the earlier investigation. Accordingly four men were selected, two being past middle age and two young men, university students. The elderly men had been more or less strict vegetarians and frutarians for years. One of the young men had been experimenting with the frutarian diet for several years, while the other was accustomed to the ordinary mixed diet.

Altho it is undoubtedly advisable to wait until more data have been gathered before making definite statements regarding the digestibility of different fruits and nuts, enough work has been done to show that they are quite thoroughly digested and have a much higher nutritive value than is popularly attributed to them. In view of this it is certainly an error to consider nuts as an accessory to an already heavy meal and to regard fruit merely as something of value for its pleasant flavor or for its hygienic or medicinal virtues.

As shown by their composition and digestibility, both fruit and nuts can be compared favorably with other and more common foods. As sources of carbohydrates, fruits at ordinary prices are not expensive, and as sources of protein and fat, nuts at usual prices are reasonable.

### TESTING THERMOMETERS.

There is as much difference in thermometers as there is in individuals—or razors. No two thermometers are exactly alike. Some thermometers are the work of scientific operation in the hands of experts; others are turned out like so many pairs of hand made shoes. With extremely sensitive and minutely accurate instruments needed for reliable work the greatest care is taken. They are kept in stock for years sometimes and compared with instruments known to be trustworthy beyond question. Naturally so much time cannot be spent over the cheap thermometer, altho more care is devoted to them than many purchasers suppose.

### Materiel Used.

Mercury is used for scientific instruments, but alcohol is used for the cheaper grades. The alcohol is tinted with aniline dyes, which do not fade. The manufacturer buys the tubes in strips from glass factories. His blower cuts them to the proper lengths and makes the bulbs on the ends. When the bulbs are filled with alcohol they are allowed to stand for several hours before being sent to the blower to close the upper end. By this time the liquor is thoroughly expanded.

### How Graded.

The first guide mark, 32 degrees Fahrenheit, is found by plunging the bulb into melting snow, when it is to be had. This invariably gives the exact freezing point and is an unfailing test when the accuracy of a thermometer is suspected. When melting snow is scarce manufacturers use a little machine for shaving ice, which serves the purpose almost as well.

After their cold bath the thermometers go to another workman, who plunges them into a tub of water kept constantly at 64 degrees. Another takes them at 96 degrees, and so on, allowing 32 degrees for each guide mark. Then they are ready to be

put into frames and have the other degrees and their fractions marked off accordingly.—New York Times.

### CHRISTMAS GOODS.

—Crockery, Fancy Dishes, Decorated China ware, Lamps, Dinner and Tea sets. You cannot afford to buy before you see our line. Our 10, 15 and 25 cent articles of china are worth twice what we ask for them. Call at our store and let us show you what we have. The store that has the largest and best assortment of goods. Johnson & Hill Co.

### Recipes.

From a solely pecuniary point of view there is no incentive to grow, gather or grade cranberries unless they can be disposed of to advantage.

It is therefore of prime importance that the demand should be kept fully apace with the supply, if not a little ahead of it. Improper care in handling and poor cooking are, today, great stumbling blocks in the way of consumption. Ignorance or innocence of the real virtue and value of the fruit is another one. All, with intelligence, integrity, industry and irreverence, can be converted and changed into stepping stones for a broader and better distribution.

### General Directions for Cooking.

As Cranberries contain such acute acids, there is no fruit which will so quickly act upon tin, iron or brass when brought into contact. Hence, always cook cranberries in earthen or porcelain lined vessels or granite or agate iron ware, or still better, aluminum kettles which are now quite reasonable in price, are light to handle, will not tarnish or discolor the sauce and do not easily scorch the material that is being cooked. As soon as the sauce is done, remove from kettle to glass dish. Never let any article of food containing cranberries stand in anything but earthenware or glass. Granulated sugar should always be used, as poorer qualities of sugar or molasses destroy the flavor of the fruit. Wash the fruit and sort out defective berries before cooking.

"Cranberries I prefer to cook and strain. They then form a nice jelly, free from skins and seeds. If there happens to be any of the white meat of the turkey left, mince it fine and mix with cranberry jelly, pressing it into small bowls. Turn out when cold, slice and eat for lunch or tea; or give to the children in their lunch baskets. It is a nice bit of the aftermath of the Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner.—Mrs. G. T. Brennan in Wis. Agriculturist.

### The Season's Berry.

It is perhaps not generally known that the cranberry is a good food and a good medicine, the acid being cooling and purifying, the sugar nutritious, and the seeds laxative. It is a most wholesome fruit and many physicians recommend it for eruptive skin diseases. The juice makes a fine drink for people in fever.

The berries form an appetizing sauce for all kinds of game, fish, fowl and meats, and cranberry sauce and roast turkey have come to be an accepted part of Thanksgiving and Christmas menus. It should be prepared the day before using.

Always cook cranberries in an earthen crock or in granite lined dishes, for if iron, tin or brass utensils are used, the acid of the fruit will dissolve some of the metal and render the sauce discolored and unfit for use.—Wis. Agriculturist.

### Cranberry and the Turkey.

The turkey will look much more festive if served on a bed of parsley and garnished with bright red cranberries. Serve the cranberry jelly in cubes, formed with a spoon, and the cranberry sauce in diamonds. At an informal, the very charming dinner, last Thanksgiving, where it was desired to avoid trouble in serving, small plates at each cover held a small block each of cranberry and crabapple jelly, a tender stalk of celery and a couple of olives. These were in place when the dinner was announced, and formed a very pleasing note in the color scheme of the decorations.—May Foster Snider.

### TRY IT.

In mince or meat pies use cranberries instead of apples. —L. J. Fosdick, Boston, Mass.

### THOUSAND DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GOOD.

A. H. Thurnes, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes, "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pains. Got no relief from medicines until began taking Foley's Kidney cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust like fine stones and now have no pain across my kidneys and feel like a new man. It has done me \$1,000 worth of good."

—The finest line of holiday goods in the city can be seen at Otto's Pharmacy.

### CHEAP LUMBER.

The John Arpin Lumber Company are closing out all of their stock of lumber at Arpin, and will make special prices during the month of December.

Farmers and all wanting cheap lumber are invited to call at their yard at Arpin, where they will secure lumber at reduced prices.

For particulars, phone or write to John Arpin lumber Company, at Arpin or Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

### Coughs, Colds and Constipation.

Few people realize when taking cough medicine other than Foley's Honey and Tar that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates, is safe and sure and will not constipate. Johnson & Hill Co.

Homeseekers excursions via the C. M. & St. P. Ry. on Dec. 1 and 15, Jan. 5 and 19, Feb. 2 and 6, March 1 and 15, and April 5 and 19. The C. M. & St. P. Ry. will sell home-seekers excursion tickets to all important points west. For full information call on the ticket agent.

—STRAYED—Came to my enclosure, one white steer calf with black feet and ears, about four months old. The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take same away.

Frank Bertranitz, Vesper, Wis.

### Boy's life saved from Membranous Croup.

C. W. Lynch, a prominent citizen of Winchester, Ind., writes, "My little boy had a severe attack of membranous croup, and only got relief after taking Foley's Honey and Tar. He got relief after one dose and I feel that it saved the life of the boy." Refuse substitutes. Johnson & Hill Co.

### A Timely Tip.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. Johnson & Hill Co.

### VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

#### A WISE WOMAN

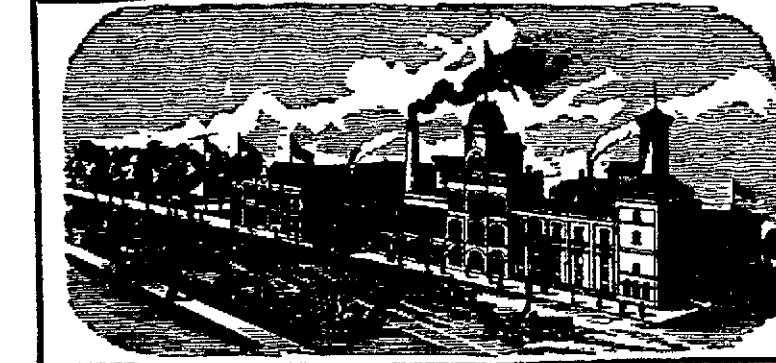
Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

#### A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

## GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

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Brewery in Northern Wisconsin

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I do anything in the line of repairing Sewing machines, bicycles, Razors, shears and saws sharpened. All work guaranteed.

The Best Carpenter Tools can always be found here.

A full line of fine Cutlery, Guns and Revolvers kept in stock.

### D. M. HUNTINGTON'S, East Side Near City Hall.



### DR. SECRIST,

The Specialist

New method of treatment in

### ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Consultation Sacredly confidential  
Examination and advice Free.

Dr. SECRIST WILL VISIT  
Grand Rapids, Dec. 22

### WITTER HOUSE.

### No pay unless cured

The doctor's wonderful power of diagnosis, greatest of all gifts, enables him to determine the causes of obscure and chronic ailments and to apply certain remedies which effect certain, speedy and permanent cures.

X-Ray examinations in appropriate cases upon reasonable notice.

### Hope for the Afflicted.

Many hundreds of sufferers pronounced by other physicians as hopelessly incurable, have been restored to health by Dr. Secrist.

Letters of endorsement from many prominent clergymen and hundreds of grateful patients are on file in his office.

The doctor has devoted much time and attention in the French hospitals to the study of

All Special Diseases of Men and has imported many special medicines and appliances necessary to effect certain cures in the worst cases of

Physical Weakness, Varicose, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Etc.

Delay Is Dangerous.—Those who are chronically ailing should lose no time in consulting a special physician whose reputation for skill is so well and widely known.

Special attention given to

### Diseases Peculiar to Women

No unnecessary exposure. No examination. No sacrifice of modesty.

The doctor does not publish his patients' names except with their full consent and approval.

English, French and German spoken

Address:

DR. H. C. SECRIST,

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec. 16, 1903

Entered at the Post Office at Grand  
Rapids, Wis., as second-class  
mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year..... \$1.50  
Six Months..... 75

WILL ASK FOR COMMISSION.

Marshfield is all worked up over the equalization matter and as a consequence they have decided to ask to have a commission appointed to review the assessment of the county and the equalization as made by the committee of the county board. In speaking of the matter the Marshfield News says:

"By a unanimous vote of all aldermen the city council at Monday evening's meeting, decided to ask for a tax commission to review the 1903 assessment of all real property in Wood county. It was no more than could be expected after the unfair treatment of Marshfield by the board of supervisors.

A number of the members of the county board were present at the meeting. After the reading of the petition asking for a tax commission, Mr. Connor, who has served as chairman of the committee on equalization of the county board, was asked to explain the situation. He reviewed in detail how the committee worked in arriving at values and the apportionment thereof among the various assessment districts of the county. To one unfamiliar with figures it at first appeared like a very complicated proposition, but the illustrations submitted and the clear explanation by Mr. Connor, gave all an insight into the arduous duties of the equalization committee. Mr. Connor showed by actual figures how Marshfield was unquestionably getting the worst of it, if the figures submitted as a basis by the supervisor of assessment could be relied upon. The result of several methods of figuring out the tables showed that Marshfield is apportioned more than her fair share. Add to this the \$100,000 tacked on to our valuation at the last moment without the slightest reason or explanation, and it would seem there can be no question about the necessity for a commission in order to once more get all districts on an even footing.

The unanimous vote of the council clearly showed the temper of that body and expressed the wishes of the community in a demand for fair play.

Notice will at once be given to the county board that Marshfield protests against the equalization of the county board. Application will then be made to Circuit Judge C. M. Webb to name three commissioners to review assessments."

It would seem to an outsider as if the whole meat of the matter were embodied in the statement made by one of the city officers there who said in substance, while talking of the matter, "Well, even if Marshfield does not come out ahead in the matter, provided a commission is appointed, Grand Rapids will have to put up for her share of the expense of the commission."

It seems hardly possible that such a spirit as his could prevail at such an age of development as this is supposed to be but there are times when one has no reason to be surprised.

Marshfield tried the tax commission business once before, and notwithstanding the fact that they were just as indignant then as they are now, the commissioners lowered the valuation of Grand Rapids as well as Marshfield. A tax commission is a nice thing, for the commissioners. They draw a good fat stipend and whether they labor (?) or not their salary marches merrily on.

Upon interviewing Supervisor of Assessments Cochran on the subject of the valuation as fixed by the county board, that gentleman said that he had nothing to say about the matter. He said that the whole matter of equalization had been so botched up by the committee that he did not think that the committee themselves believed for a minute that they had done what was right, and that he had not talked with anyone who considered that they had done so.

Mr. Cochran stated that the matter of equalization started in right at the start off like a series of horse trades, and while the north end was ahead of the deal at the start in, it ended up with the south end ahead.

Mr. Cochran spoke especially about the lowering of the Auburndale valuation. The aggregate valuation of the town of Auburndale, as given by the local assessor, was \$70,000. The value as fixed by the supervisor of assessment was \$57,363. When the committee on equalization got thru with it the valuation was \$56,496, or something over \$15,000 lower than the assessor of the town had fixed it him self.

It is Mr. Cochran's opinion that the committee on equalization would have done better had they left the valuation as fixed by him and then, or otherwise, taxed by him and then, or otherwise,



# The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



"Thank heaven," cried Lady Vandeleur, "here he is! The bandbox, Harry—the bandbox!"

But Harry stood before them silent and downcast.

"Speak!" she cried. "Speak! Where is the bandbox?"

And the men, with threatening gestures, repeated the demand.

Harry drew a handful of jewels from his pocket. He was very white.

"This is all that remains," said he.

"I declare before heaven it was through no fault of mine, and if you will have patience, although some are lost, I am afraid, forever, others, I am sure, may be still recovered."

"Alas," cried Lady Vandeleur, "all

our diamonds are gone, and I owe £100,000 for dress!"

"Madam," said the general, "you might have paved the gutter with your own trash; you might have made debts to fifty times the sum you mention; you might have robbed me of my mother's coronet and ring, and nature might have still so far prevailed that I could have forgiven you at last. But madam, you have taken the rajah's diamond, the Eye of Light, as the orientals poetically termed it, the pride of Kashgar! You have taken from me the rajah's diamond," he cried, raising his hands, "and all, madam—all is at an end between us!"

"Believe me, General Vandeleur," she replied, "that is one of the most agreeable speeches that ever I heard from your lips, and, since we are to be ruined, I could almost welcome the change, if it delivers me from you. You have told me often enough that I married you for your money. Let me tell you now that I always bitterly repented the bargain, and if you were still marriageable and had a diamond bigger than your head I should counsel even my maid against a union so uninviting and disastrous. As for you, Mr. Hartley," she continued, turning on the secretary, "you have sufficiently exhibited your valuable qualities in this house. We are now persuaded that you equally lack manhood, sense and self respect, and I can see only one course open to you—to withdraw instantaneously, and, if possible, return no more. For your wages you may rank as a creditor in my late husband's bankruptcy."

Harry had scarcely comprehended this insulting address before the general was down upon him with another.

"And in the meantime," said that personage, "follow me before the nearest inspector of police. You may impose upon a simple minded soldier, sir, but the eye of the law will read your disreputable secret. If I must spend my old age in poverty through your underhand intriguing with my wife, I mean at least that you shall not remain unpunished for your pains, and God, sir, will deny me a very considerable satisfaction if you do not pick oakum from now until your dying day."

With that the general dragged Harry from the apartment and hurried him downstairs and along the street to the police station of the district.

Here, says my Arabian author, ended this deplorable business of the bandbox, but to the unfortunate secretary the whole affair was the beginning of a new and manlier life. The police were easily persuaded of his innocence, and after he had given what help he could in the subsequent investigations he was even complimented by one of the chiefs of the detective department on the probity and simplicity of his behavior.

Several persons interested themselves in one so unfortunate, and soon after he inherited a sum of money from a maiden aunt in Worcestershire. With this he married Prudence and set sail for Bendigo or, according to another account, for Trincomalee, exceedingly content and with the best of prospects.

## The RAJAH'S DIAMOND

PART II

Story of the Young Man In Holy Orders



THE Rev. Mr. Simon Rolles had distinguished himself in the moral sciences and was more than usually proficient in the study of divinity. His essay "On the Christian Doctrine of the Social Obligations" obtained for him at the moment of its production a certain celebrity in the University of Oxford, and it was understood in clerical and learned circles that young Mr. Rolles had in contemplation a considerable work—a folio, it was said—on the authority of the fathers of the church. These attainments, these ambitious designs, however, were far from helping him to any preferment, and he was still in quest of his first curacy when a chance ramble in that part of London, the peaceful and rich aspect of the garden, a desire for solitude and study and the cheapness of the lodgings led him to take up his abode with Mr. Raeburn.

Early in the afternoon the police arrived with Harry Hartley. The nurseryman, who was beside himself with terror, readily discovered his hoard, and the jewels were identified and inventoried in the presence of the secretary. As for Mr. Rolles, he showed himself in a most obliging temper, communicated what he knew with freedom and professed regret that he could do

more to help the officers in their duty.

"Still," he added, "I suppose your business is nearly at an end."

"By no means," replied the man from Scotland Yard. And he narrated the second robbery of which Harry had been the immediate victim and gave the young clergyman a description of the more important jewels that were still not found, dilating particularly on the rajah's diamond.

"It must be worth a fortune," observed Mr. Rolles.

"Ten fortunes—twenty fortunes!" cried the officer.

"The more it is worth," remarked Simon shrewdly, "the more difficult it must be to sell. Such a thing has a physiognomy not to be disguised, and I should fancy a man might as easily negotiate St. Paul's cathedral."

"Oh, truly," said the officer, "but if the thief be man of any intelligence he will cut it into three or four, and there will be still enough to make him rich."

"Thank you," said the clergyman. "You cannot imagine how much your conversation interests me."

Whereupon the functionary admitted that they knew many strange things in his profession and immediately after took his leave.

Mr. Rolles regained his apartment. It seemed smaller and barer than usual. The materials for his great work had never presented so little interest, and he looked upon his library with the eye of scorn. He took down, volume by volume, several fathers of the church, and glanced them through, but they contained nothing to his purpose.

"These old gentlemen," thought he, "are no doubt very valuable writers, but they seem to me conspicuously ignorant of life. Here am I, with learning enough to be a bishop, and I positively do not know how to dispose of a stolen diamond. I glean a hint from a common policeman, and, with all my folios, I cannot so much as put it into execution. This inspires me with very low ideas of university training."

As he was thus reflecting, another peculiar circumstance attracted his attention. The face of Mr. Raeburn appeared at a low window next the door, and, as chance directed, his eyes met those of Mr. Rolles. The nurseryman seemed disconcerted and even alarmed, and immediately after the blind of the apartment was pulled sharply down.

"This may all be very well," reflected Mr. Rolles, "it may be all excellently well, but I confess freely that I do not think so. Suspicious, underhand, untruthful, fearful of observation, I believe upon my soul," he thought, "the pair are plotting some disgraceful action."

The detective that there is in all of us awoke and became clamant in the bosom of Mr. Rolles, and with a brisk, eager step that bore no resemblance to his usual gait he proceeded to make the circuit of the garden. When he came to the scene of Harry's escapade, his eye was at once arrested by a broken rosebush and marks of trampling on the mold. He looked up and saw scratches on the brick and a rag of trouser floating from a broken bottle. This, then, was the mode of entrance chosen by Mr. Raeburn's particular friend. It was thus that General Vandeleur's secretary came to admire a flower garden. The young clergyman whistled softly to himself as he stooped to examine the ground. He could make out where Harry had landed from his perilous leap. He recognized the flat foot of Mr. Raeburn where it had sunk deeply in the soil as he pulled up the secretary by the collar. Nay, on a closer inspection, he seemed to distinguish the marks of groping fingers, as though something had been spilled abroad and eagerly collected.

"Upon my word," he thought, "the thing grows vastly interesting."

And just then he caught sight of something almost entirely buried in the earth. In an instant he had disinterred a dainty morocco case, ornamented and clasped in gilt. It had been trodden heavily under foot and thus escaped the hurried search of Mr. Raeburn. Mr. Rolles opened the case and drew a long breath of almost horrified astonishment, for there lay before him in a cradle of green velvet a diamond of prodigious magnitude and of the finest water. It was of the bigness of a duck's egg, beautifully shaped and without a flaw, and as the sun shone upon it it gave forth a luster like that of electricity and seemed to burn in his hand with a thousand internal fires.

He knew little of precious stones, but the rajah's diamond was a wonder that explained itself. A village child, if he found it, would run screaming for the nearest cottage, and a savage would prostrate himself in adoration before so imposing a fetish. The beauty of the stone flattered the young clergyman's eyes; the thought of its inestimable value overpowered his intellect. He knew that what he held in his hand was worth more than many years' purchase of an archiepiscopal see, that it would build cathedrals more stately than Ely or Cologne, that he who possessed it was set free forever from the primal curse and might follow his own inclinations without concern or hurry, without let or hindrance, and as "How?" inquired Simon.

"Sir," said the curate, "I am infinitely obliged by your politeness."

"You have already more than repaid me," returned the other.

"How?" inquired Simon.

"By the novelty of your request," replied the gentleman, and, with a polite gesture, as though to ask permission, he resumed the study of the Fortnightly Review.

On his way home Mr. Rolles purchased a work on precious stones and several of Gaborian's novels. These last he eagerly skimmed until an advanced hour in the morning, but although they introduced him to many new ideas he could nowhere discover what to do with a stolen diamond. He was annoyed, moreover, to find the information scattered among romantic story telling instead of soberly set forth after the manner of a manual, and he concluded that even if the writer had thought much upon these subjects he was totally lacking in educational method. For the character and attainments of Lecocq, however, he was unable to contain his admiration.

"He was truly a great creature," ranimated Mr. Rolles. "He knew the world as I know Paley's 'Evidences.' There was nothing that he could not carry to a termination with his own

speed of guile."

The Rev. Mr. Simon Rolles had stolen the rajah's diamond.

Early in the afternoon the police arrived with Harry Hartley. The nurseryman, who was beside himself with terror, readily discovered his hoard, and the jewels were identified and inventoried in the presence of the secretary. As for Mr. Rolles, he showed himself in a most obliging temper, communicated what he knew with freedom and professed regret that he could do



HE GLANCED HURRIEDLY ROUND.

11-11 **Summons.**  
State of Wisconsin—Wood County—  
In Circuit Court.  
Matilda Smith, Plaintiff, vs. Eugene W. Smith, Defendant, **Summons.**  
The State of Wisconsin to the said Defendant:  
You are hereby summoned to appear within two days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, in the court aforesaid, and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint of which a copy is herewith served upon you.  
W. J. CONWAY,  
Plaintiff's Attorney.  
P. O. address, Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin.

**Report From the Reform School.**  
—J. G. Gluck, superintendent, Pruntytown, Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough remedies we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform school. I find it the most effective and absolutely harmless. Johnson & Hill Co."

## THE WIPPERMAN LAND AGENCY

Has the Largest list of the Best properties, at the Lowest prices, on the Easiest terms.

Office over Wood County National Bank  
Grand Rapids, Wis.

**CITY MEAT MARKET!**  
Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.

All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders. wholesale and retail.

**N. REILAND,**  
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

**Custom Made HARNESS**

The best made goods in the city at a price that cannot be equalled. Everything that could be wanted in either light or heavy harness

**J. H. LANDRY**

WEST SIDE.  
NEAR BRIDGE.

**GRAND RAPIDS. - WIS.**

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**

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COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may directly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is patentable or not. Send a sketch and description to the **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

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**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal in the world. Four months' subscription \$1.00. Sold by all newsagents.

**MUNN & CO.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**A HOSPITAL FOR SICK WATCHES**

A fall causes many a watch to stop. The delicate staffs, jewels and pivots can not withstand such a shock, and snap right off. Should this occur to your watch it will be profitable for you to have us look at your watch at once. Every watchmaker can't fix a sick watch—he may patch it up but he must be a skilled mechanic to effect a permanent cure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**One or the Other.**

"Gee whiz," exclaimed the nervy caller, "I haven't another match, and my cigarette has gone out!"

"Well," replied the polite young woman, "who could stand it no longer, you would have had to if it hadn't."

Catholic Standard and Times.

**The Test.**

Mrs. Muggs—That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nextdoor that I was a regular eat. What do you think of that?

Mr. Muggs—I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse. Answers.

Don't misjudge a serious face for a mean one. Remember your fox wears what seems to be a smile.—Schoolmaster.

**W. G. SCOTT,**  
The West Side Jeweler

**NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE**

## TAYLOR &amp; SCOTT

Abstracts, Loans, INSURANCE and Real Estate.

Telephone No. 364.

WISCONSIN.

GRAND RAPIDS.

## The Progressive Gentlemen

of the city who appreciate nice hanging sleeves, clean fitting shoulders, stylish lapels and handsomely finished edges are those I take special pleasure in pleasing. Leave your order for a suit or overcoat with

## M. J. SLATTERY,

Corriveau Building, West Side.

Over Grose &amp; Lyons' Store, Corner French and Cranberry Sts.

## SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER

## Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I will mail, free of any charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions and the history of my own case to any suffering from female trouble. You can't afford to be at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue, it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feelings up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), Displacement of the womb, Profuse Scars, or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Treatment is simple. I send it in plain wrappers. It will save you anxiety and expense and relieve your daughter the humitation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Thousands besides myself have cured themselves by this treatment. I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and relieve your daughter the humitation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement, and makes women well. Write to-day, as this offer will not be made again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box Notre Dame, Ind., U.S.A.

For home reference call on or address

MRS. J. F. DELAP.

SOLD BY OTTO'S PHARMACY.

Box 527, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

**CORBETT'S**  
...For Christmas Gifts...



The Editor has just come in for my Ad, but being to busy this week I did not have time to write one. Not wishing to disappoint the editor who always insists that advertising pays, I took down our poetical machine, which has grown somewhat rusty since our last effort—the in a "Milwaukee Sunday Sentinel," gave the crank two or three turns and ground out the following poem You Should Know.

**Forget Me Not---HUGH.**  
**Hiawatha on Christmas.**

"Goodness me!" said Hiawatha,  
As he watched the Christmas shoppers  
Buying pretty things for Christmas  
Down at Corbett's clothing store;  
Saw the thoughtful wives and daughters spending  
Papa's roll for smoking jackets,  
Fine neckties and pretty mufflers,  
Handkerchiefs and swell suspenders,  
To be used as Christmas presents,  
"What a simple thing was Christmas  
In the days when I was moving  
In the Injun upper circles—  
In the days when people called me  
The H. Lehr of the Ojibways.  
I was writing Minnehaha.  
And as Christmas was approaching  
I began to sigh and wonder,  
Wonder what my Laughing Water  
Intended giving me for Christmas.  
How I wish Hugh had been with us  
So that old Nokomis might entice her  
Into Hugh's store, just to show her  
The fine display of Christmas presents,  
And to hand her out some con. talk  
About my wisdom and my fancies,  
Have Hugh make a spel to Minnie  
About fancy hose, gloves and suspenders,  
Pretty mufflers and red sweaters,  
Smoking jackets and pajamas,  
Dress suit shirt protectors and umbrellas,  
So that she would up and buy me  
Something suitable for Christmas."

**HUGH G. CORBETT,**  
Giver of Real Bargains.

**Department Stores**

GRAND RAPIDS,  
WISCONSIN.

**FUR COATS.**

Now that winter is upon us and a warm overcoat is a necessity, we invite you to call and look over our line of overcoats. The best and largest stock in Wood county to select from.

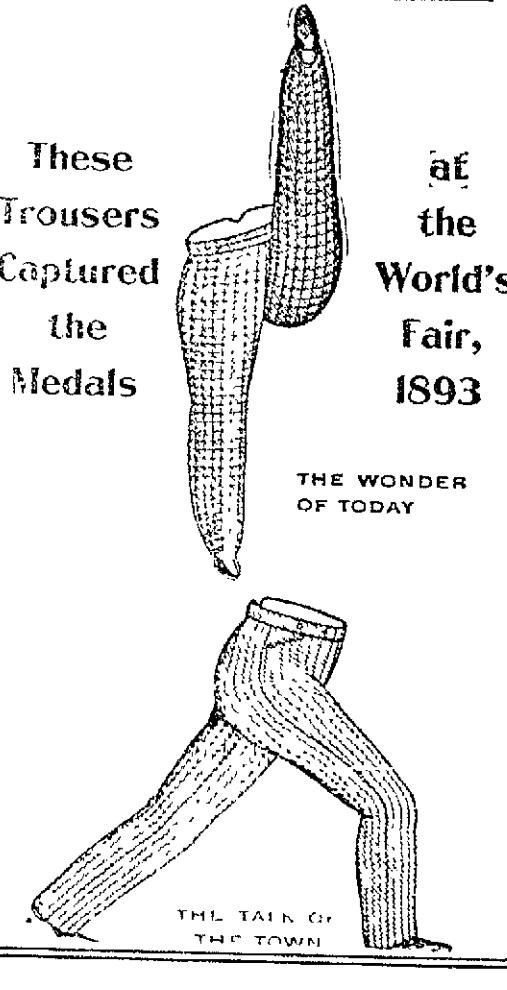
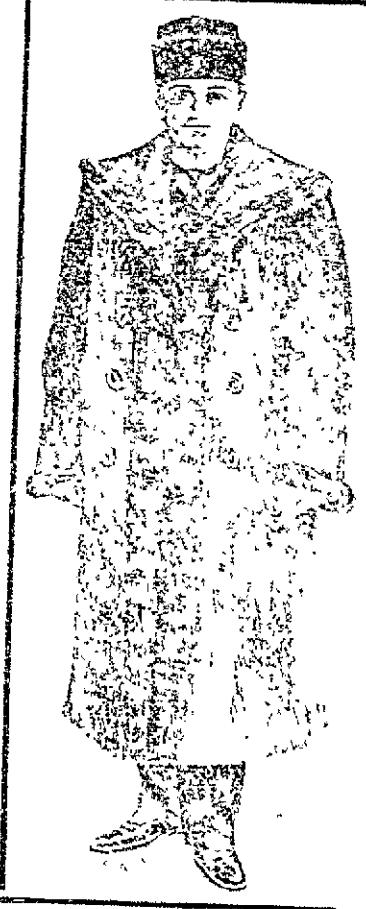
**CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS**

Will do well to call at this store and look over our large line of Capes, Jackets and Furs, Men and Boys Suits and Caps.

**SEE OUR BIG STOCK OF CARPETS.**

**SHOES.**

Remember we are sole agents for the celebrated W. L. Duglass shoes—the shoes that keep your feet warm.



**Money to Loan**

On Improved Farms and City Property.

**Abstracts of Title**

Deeds, Mortgages, Land Contracts, etc., carefully drawn.

**For Rent** A five room house four blocks from west side post office.

**For Sale** Four good lots near Polish Catholic church on west side. Also a large list of other good city and farm property.

**C. E. BOLES,**

Tel 322 Office in MacKinnon block, west side of bridge

The first annual ball given by the Brotherhood of Railway trainmen, of P. C. Hart Lodge, 657 will be held at Babcock Thursday evening Dec. 31, 1903 at the opera house. Music will be furnished by the Big Four of Grand Rapids and supper will be served at Hotel Woodland annex by Catholic ladies, tickets to dance \$1.00, supper 50 cents per couple. All are invited to attend and the trainmen promise all an enjoyable evening.

Miss Belle Akey has severed her connection with the school here, she is going to Milwaukee to business college. It is greatly regretted as Belle is liked by every one, having taught in our primary department three years and has given universal satisfaction it will be hard to get a teacher to take her place.

Arthur Rood and family have returned to Babcock the will stay about three months, while Mr. Rood collects the taxes, he being town treasurer.

O. D. Billings traded the building occupied by John Boles to Neeko-a parties last week. John will sell hardware, however, same as usual at the same old stand.

Aug. Bus is logging some of his land east of here. It is a surprise to see the fine logs which are still left hereabouts. He is hauling them to M. O. Krogfoss.

—A diamond never wears out, it never becomes second hand, it never diminishes in value; it is a good investment. Examine Hirzy's assortment.

Otto Bios of Mauston will arrive this week with a sawmill outfit which will be set up near Frank Pribbano's on the Five Mile creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Witt were in Seneca over Sunday attending the christening of a baby at Chas. Schroeder.

Wm. Upperman of your city is operating a hay press a short way east of here.

Agnes Benkoskie is working for Wm. H. Witt's for a few weeks.

What did you draw? I drew a spoon.

**Choice Meats.**

Pavlick & Rick have ordered a large quantity of the choicest beef to be obtained in the market of Swift & Co., St. Louis, for the holiday trade. Call on them for choice chops and roasts. This beef will be the best money can buy.

**Weary Willie Walker.**

The show given at the opera house on Friday night was somewhat of a conundrum. There was some points that were good and some that were not so good. Weary Willie himself was quite funny, altho some of the others were a trifle out the usual line of what is considered exactly clean in a small town. Parties who saw the show other places said that much of what might be considered "racy" had been eliminated from the show.

**No Middle Man to Take the Profit.**

I buy direct from the manufacturer and can sell goods lower than the lowest. If my customers depend on my judgment in buying goods they will receive full value for their money, as I never misrepresent any goods and guarantee all goods as represented. A. P. Hirzy, the German jeweler.

**F. BEADLE,**

The all around handy man, has managed to scrape up another month's rent, and while he is allowed to remain in the building he would be pleased to show you a fine

**Line of Christmas Pictures**

which he has on hand. He also makes frames to order.

**CALL AND SEE HIM.**

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**Three Cold Days**

It is seldom that we experience such cold weather in this part of the country as made its presence known here on Saturday night and Sunday. The mercury that morning stood at 32 degrees below zero, and as a gale was blowing at the time, it was decidedly uncomfortable for anyone who had to be out of doors. On Monday morning the mercury had registered twenty below and on Tuesday morning it was down to sixteen below. Wisconsin people are quite used to cold weather, but this was just a trifle worse than anything we have had for some time.

**WOOD COUNTY COURT—IN PROBATE.**

State of Wisconsin, Wood County, SS.

In the matter of the last Will and Testament of Salem Gokey, deceased.

Whereas, An instrument, in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Salem Gokey, deceased, late of Wood County has been filed in this office:

And Whereas, Application has been made by Aken Gokey praying that the same be proven and admitted to probate, according to the laws of this state, and that letters testamentary be granted thereon according to law.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office, in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 12th day of January A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock. A. M.

And it is further ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively, in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to said hearing.

Dated, December 16th, 1903  
By the Court.

W. J. CONWAY,  
County Judge

I can assure you that I have the best assortment of diamond stock in the city. A. P. Hirzy, near bridge

I am determined to give you the best value for your money. A. P. Hirzy.

Line of Christmas Pictures

which he has on hand. He also makes frames to order.

CALL AND SEE HIM.

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